

The Chatham Record.

Man is Like a Ship. I saw a freighted ship come in From off a distant coast...

I saw a ship on a foreign shore Wrecked by an angry wave, Its sailors ne'er could mend it more...

ROSINE'S ROMANCE.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

When Miss Magnolia carefully withdrew the dress from the great cedar trunk, unrolled the old damask tablecloth which enveloped it, and spread out its shining folds for the admiration of her niece, Rosine, that young lady clasped her pretty hands and quoted Keats.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," she said.

Miss Magnolia nodded and smiled. She was altogether unlike the large, fair, splendid flower, after which she had been christened—almost grotesquely unlike, in fact. She was small and round, and brown. As a maiden lady of a decidedly certain age could be. Indeed she reminded one of nothing so much as a little russet apple. But her heart, which had been full of sentiment once, was a warm and sensitive organ still. And she took a deal of interest in Rosine's romance.

"Yes, my dear, it is a thing of beauty! And to think I never wore it but twice. Dear, dear! And she went on stroking the primrose satin, tenderly as a mother touches the hair of a child.

"You had a lover then, auntie?" asked Rosine.

"Yes, pet, this is one of the dresses I got for my marriage. But he went away—in business, he said. And he never came back."

Hastily she wiped her eyes lest a tear should stain the shimmering stuff she held. "It is just the gown for your fancy dress ball," hurried on Miss Magnolia. "A trifling affair, of course, but there is quite a price turned in at the top that you could let down. You shall go as a lady of long ago."

"Not as very long ago," protested Rosine, with a laugh. "But really, auntie, I don't like to take it. It is too lovely!"

"Not for a moment of war! Remember you are going to conquer the dragon!"

"That is so. And the master should have written, 'Thrice is the name who wears a pretty dress!'"

The remark which Miss Rosine Wilde pursued arraying herself was the elaborate uncle of her handsome lover. Most promptly and reverently had he opposed the marriage of his nephew. The young fellow would have ignored the rebul of his relative, were it not the old gentleman had always been very kind and good to him; had indeed taken the place of his dead father to him. So he decided that Rosine should meet his uncle and put his prejudice to rest.

"He is coming to visit an old friend of his," Cyril had said—"Judge Chatterton. You know the Chatterton family. Of course you have heard they are going to give a fancy dress ball next month in honor of the coming out of their daughter, Lisette. You will receive a card. You will attend. You will meet Uncle Albert. And you will take his heart by storm."

"Bless you," cried Cyril, "she doesn't dislike you. I don't believe he even knows your name. His resentment is general, not particular. As soon as I told him I was in love with a Southern girl, he—he (I have to drop into slang, Rosine)—he set square down on me. It seems a Southern girl jilted him when he was young, and he is bound to save me from a like awful fate. But when once he sees you, he is bound to capitulate. He is a regular old brick—Uncle Albert!"

"But I have nothing to wear. And, what is more, I can't buy a dress for the Chatterton ball. We—Aunt Magnolia and I—are poor as the proverbial church mice."

But just then Miss Magnolia came to Rosine's relief like a regular little fairy godmother.

"The very thing!" she cried—"my primrose satin!"

Rosine regarded her dubiously, delightedly.

Jealously she knew had her aunt always guarded her trunkful of treasures, her jewels, her lace, her rich, stiff, glistening old brocade.

"Do you mean it, auntie?" Miss Magnolia's bright old eye winked very rapidly indeed.

"I do, my dear! I was young myself once."

And that was how Rosine Wilde came to be the belle of Madame Chatterton's fancy dress ball. The proposed festivity had been the talk of New Orleans for several weeks. The right long anticipated was cool, crisp, sweet and pearly. Brilliantly lighted was the broad-balconied old residence on St. Charles street. Many a carriage rolled up, rolled off. When Rosine descended from the balcony of her chamber she felt a little nervous, a little elated, and conscious that she was looking uncommonly well—as indeed she was. Quite a picture was the pretty young figure, in the clinging gown of pale yellowish satin, picture-quely pulled and quaintly fashioned. The corsage, cut roundly, revealed the firm, full throat. Dainty monstrosia swathed the arms, which, if slender, were also exquisitely rounded. And the small, olive-tinted face was lit to leveline a glow by pearly-black eyes. A flash of admiration succeeded the serene nonchalance of Cyril Rodney's countenance, as he caught sight of her. He made his way to her side.

"Queen Rosine!" he murmured. "I wonder if you know that you're by far the prettiest girl here to-night! Poor Uncle Albert!—how complete will be his surrender! Now, prepare to face the music!"

And off he went! He soon returned, by his side was a sturdy old gentleman.

Rosine's heart beat more rapidly. "The dragon?" she said.

Silvery hair had the dragon. A dark mustache had the dragon. A florid complexion had the dragon. And a manner that was grave, dignified, courteous.

"Cyril Albert," explained Cyril, with Jewish eagerness, "this is Miss Rosine Wilde."

Wide! The old gentleman started perceptibly. He looked at the blushing girl—at the yellowish gown. He bowed.

"And," avowed young Rodney, sending his sweetheart a swift smile of encouragement, "and the young lady of whom I speak to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Albert. Ellsworth. Then interrogatively: "Will it Was your father's name, Cyril?"

"Rosine's name," said Cyril.

"And your mother's maiden name was Magnolia Kingsley?"

"Oh, dear, no! Aunt Magnolia was never married. My mother's name was Madeline Kingsley."

"The first color had faded from his cheeks. He was fidgeting nervously at his stomach. He looked agitated, perplexed.

"My mother died ten years ago," said Rosine, "and since then I have lived with Aunt Magnolia."

Mr. Ellsworth regarded her grimly. "I told," he asked abruptly, "your aunt's gown you have on?"

"The soft rose-dye in the girl's cheek deepened.

"How in the world did you know?" she counter-queried.

A queer, wavering smile was his only reply.

A constrained silence ensued. Cyril gave his uncle an astonished glance.

"So Magnolia is an old maid!" said Mr. Ellsworth, abruptly.

"If she is," cried Rosine, stung to defiance by a remark she deemed to be derogatory, "it is because she was true to a lover who proved unworthy of her."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Ellsworth, more sharply than before. And suddenly he turned and walked away.

The following day he insisted on accompanying his nephew to the grand, ranch-like, once aristocratic old home in the French quarter, where dwelt Rosine. As they were passing the vaulted entrance to the little flag-stair court-yard, Albert Ellsworth caught sight of a familiar figure moving among the potted palms and boxes of blooms.

"Go on, lad!" he said to Cyril. He had paused, and was looking through the brief avenue of bloom to the brightness beyond.

same. Around her, in a fantastic dance, the broken fountain, the long-leaved banana tree, and the giant oleanders went whirling. She didn't faint, but she came nearer to it than she ever had come in her life.

"Did you think I had deserted you Magnolia? When I left you to go North on business, I believed in you as I've never believed in any one since. And while away I heard, and read, that you had married that young Wilde I used to be so jealous of. So I went to Europe. And I stayed there."

"But Clayton Wilde married Madeline. I always told you he came to see her."

"Yes, I knew that—now, I was a fool to have been so easily convinced of your falsity. You haven't changed a bit. I knew you the moment I saw you."

Miss Magnolia smiled delightedly. She did not know he had expected to see her.

"I never forgot the dress you wore the last time I saw you," declared Mr. Ellsworth, waxing fervent. "I recognized it on your niece last night."

"Last night! Are you—surely you are not the dragon?"

"What?"

"The—the dragon?" faltered Miss Magnolia.

Mr. Ellsworth still looked blank. "That," murmured the little lady, feeling she was in for it, and might as well make a clean breast. "Was what Rosine and I called Cyril's uncle. And Rosine was going to conquer him."

He burst out laughing.

"Well, she did. The boy shall marry Madeline's pretty daughter. And you, Magnolia—would you marry me?"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm too old."

"Not a day."

"And ugly—now."

"Loveliest woman in the world to me," insisted the dragon, loyally.

"Bless you, my children!" cried a voice from above.

The pair in the court-yard glanced up. On one of the inner balconies, stood Rosine and Cyril.

"Vanish, you scamp!" roared the dragon.

"I shouldn't allow you to marry a Southern girl, sir!" shouted back Cyril, as he and Rosine bent a brisk retreat.

Laughing and breathless they faced each other in the old drawing-room.

"Everything's lovely, sweetheart!" cried Cyril, in an ecstasy.

Rosine looked deliciously delectable.

"That's just the trouble!" with a pout so provokingly pretty that her lover kissed her there and then. "I had only remained hard-hearted, like the uncles in novels, we could have run away, and lived in a cottage down ere in roses, and covered with thistles! There isn't a bit of romance when everything turns out so beautifully—all at once."

"You little hypocrite!" he said.—The *Littler*.

The First Ice in India.

When one of the first importations of ice from America arrived in India was most amusing to see the anxiety with which it was sought after. The deposits were only open for a short time before sunrise, when crowds of coolies were in attendance to carry of the portions required by their employers; these portions were immediately enveloped in thick blankets and enclosed in baskets, which were carried off with all speed; but a very considerable quantity invariably dissolved before they could reach their respective destinations, says the New York Times.

A Shifting Bullet in a Man's Head.

For over twenty-five years Fletcher Wright, who lives near Dawson, has carried a bullet in his head, a wound received in one of the battles in Virginia. This missile-ball shifts about, at one time in the front of his head, at another time in the back. At times this bullet gives Mr. Wright much an evening while at work in the field by its shifting about and the rattling noise it made in the head.—*Merica Telegraph*.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

CHILDREN'S DOLLS.

Dolls have amused the world for ages, and seem to have been well known in the days of the Pharaohs; for in the tombs of ancient Egypt figures of painted wood of terra cotta, and of ivory and of rag have been found, whose limbs were made of wax for the delight of children.

In the ruins of Etruria similar toys have been discovered, and in China, as well as in India, movable figures were made to act from time immemorial by hand and on strings, or as shadows behind a curtain.

The ancient Greeks were experts in the manufacture of puppets, including wax dolls, and several of their poets allude to offerings of dolls to Artemis and Aphrodite, made by maidens before their marriage.

Dolls were evidently first intended to amuse children, but the adults soon adopted them as a source of entertainment. Puppet shows were all the rage in Europe in the 16th century, arriving at such perfection that the performances rivaled in attraction those of living actors.

In Lexington, Ky., is the largest doll factory in the United States, and there are many other establishments in the Eastern States.—*Golden Hour*.

AN EARNEST LITTLE LIFE.

Arthur loved a pencil and paper and a lot of paint and brush better than almost anything. He spent so many hours every day bending over his little table, and the scraps of paper upon which he was always scribbling the frays of things—especially the forms of flowers—that his friends were sometimes troubled and wished he would run and play. People said: "He is a true little artist," but his mother would say: "It is only a little boy's fancy and will pass away."

One day he heard her speak such words. When the stranger was gone he came and looked up in her face. "Mamma," he said, "is it only a fancy to pass away? No, I will keep on and on to the very end!" And he struck his little fist down hard, and over and over, with the closing words, and his eyes beamed with passionate earnestness.

This little worker became suddenly ill. Alarm spoken over the house, but the little artist was propped up with pillows, painting visions. He was coaxing to rest, being so ill and so tired.

"No, mamma," he replied, "when I have a thing to do I want to do it." The doctor came in and pronounced the pulse of the little worker at 105.

Then night came on and the brush and the palette were carried away, and the visions! Some are outlined, some are finished, but the patient languid, from that day, stretched it upon the wall.

That was the last work little Arthur had made, and he did keep them and on to the very end.—*Christian Times*.

ANIMALS AND THE REVOLUTION.

The lower animals in a state of nature, or exposed in the open fields, are very susceptible of atmospheric changes. They are generally before a storm, and sparingly before a thaw. When they leave the high parts of their range, when they descend into the evening, or during the night, we may expect severe weather. Goats seek a place of shelter, which seems very litter, and never themselves better than ordinarily before a storm. The gathering of gnomes into large flocks, the diving of sparrows in dry ditches, the fluttering of wild ducks as they flap their wings, the shrilly lengthened hoar of sea-pulls in an inland pond, or around lakes, the musical sound of the cuckoo, the shrill wail of the plover, the whet-whet-whet of the chaffinch proceeding upon a tree—all prophetic rain or snow. When the daffodil, retaining, starting, swan, snowdrops, and other birds of passage arrive south from the north, it indicates an early and severe winter. When gnats bite very keenly, when flies keep near the ground (shown by swallows that feel upon the wing flying low), we look for wind and rain. But the most wonderful influences of atmospheric changes is upon those creatures that burrow in the ground. Earthworms appearing in abundance indicates rain. In like manner the mole seems to feel its approach, as a day or two before he raises more hillocks than usual; and when, after a long severe frost, he begins again to work, it will soon become fresh. The effects of electricity are well known, both on the atmosphere and on animals; and the deposition of the aqueous vapors, with the relaxing dampness the loss of the earth, which in certain states, takes place, may give rise to this unusual activity.

Three carabid beetles were shipped from Corvay, Kan., to New Orleans recently.

A PILOT'S PERILS.

Dangers Incurred by Men Who Board Incoming Vessels.

Notable Disasters in the Last Fifty-two Years.

"We never know when our time is coming. We never know when we start out on a cruise whether or not we will ever see home and family again."

Years filled the speaker's eyes. He was hoarse and grizzled and strong, a man not given to sentiment, but there was a world of pathos in his words, and his lips quivered as he spoke. His name was John Canvin, Jr., Sashy Hook pilot. He sat in a shipping office on South street, awaiting tidings of the then unknown pilot, who was swept off the deck of the bark *Edward Cushing*, after he had boarded her and was bringing her into port.

An hour passed and the tidings came. The man arose from his chair, heard only enough to confirm his fears, and hastened to the street. He was no longer John Canvin, Jr., but plain John Canvin. The unknown pilot who had been swept into an angry sea was his father.

There are only two or three previous cases on record where a pilot has lost his life after boarding an incoming vessel. Nearly all, however, of the many accidents to pilot-boats are accompanied by loss of life. The first recorded disaster of note was the loss of the *Franklin* in 1838. She was driven ashore in a gale and all hands were lost. The following year both the *Griffin* and the *John McKean* were lost. Four pilots perished on the former, and the latter lost six men.

The *New Orleans* ship *John McInture* was driven ashore on the Jersey coast February 17, 1846. Forty-two persons lost their lives, including Pilot Thomas Freeman. His was among the bodies recovered, and his funeral was one of the most impressive events ever known to pilots. A professor of fifteen pilot-boats, with sails hoisted, engines flying and all their pilots aboard, went up and down the bay in tow of the steamer *Mercury*. Freeman was one of the best-known pilots of the day.

In 1852 nine lives were lost on the pilot-boat *Comer*, No. 3. In December of the same year Pilots Henry Hubler and Robert Curtis were drowned in a yawl after leaving the pilot-boat *Yankin*. In 1853 the *Sam'l Francis*, No. 7, went down with all on board, and the *Jacobi*, No. 1, met a similar fate during March of the following year.

On January 10, 1856, the *C. C. Collins*, No. 11, ran ashore on Pine Island bar, and four of the crew were frozen to death. A fifth was washed overboard and drowned. Nine years later a similar wreck befell the *George Steers*, No. 6, at Barnegat Island. Every man of her crew perished from the cold.

Ten men were lost in 1870 on the pilot-boat *Comer*, No. 8, which was run down twenty miles off Pine Island, in a heavy gale by the *Alaska*, the first of the ocean greynolds.

The pilot-boat *Francis Hubler*, No. 13, struck a wreck and sank off Barnegat Shoals on Jan. 21, 1887. Pilots Walter A. Reddin and William Dalton were drowned. During the famous blizzard of March, 1888, the *Phonon*, No. 14, and the *Euclid*, No. 18, were lost with all hands. Last year two pilot-boats were lost, the *Bretman*, No. 11, and the *Charlotte Webb*, No. 5. Two lives were lost with each boat.

This is only a partial list of some of the more notable accidents to pilots and pilot-boats. A complete list of such calamities would be a long and appalling one.—*New York World*.

Know What He was About.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but, this day, he also went and stuck another in on the left. "What is the second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment. "It is to see me in trouble of fetching the ladder tomorrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madame."—*London Punch*.

Singing to Some Purpose.

Minister to the Consulate—"The music went splendidly this morning." Choir-master—"Yes, I flatter myself it did." Minister—"I am glad you use the singers give their whole energy to the important religious work. There is no deepness in such singing as that." Choir-master—"Well, no, I should say not. You see, Mr. Thompson, I told the choir last night that an operative manager would attend church today for the purpose of fixing some good advice."—*Christian Register*.

A Monster Freight Car.

At the Fitchburg railroad car shops in East Fitchburg, Mass., one of the largest and strongest flat freight cars ever built for the road has just been finished. It is a special car built to carry a large wire cable weighing 65,000 pounds from Worcester to a mine near Denver, Col. The car is 28 feet long, 8 feet 3.4 inches wide, has eight spilloes running lengthways, each 4.3-1x11 inches, and sills 9x9 inches. The floor of the car is covered with 2-inch oak plank. It has two trucks with three pairs of wheels each—the trucks and journals weigh about twice as much as those on a common car. The axle is 5-1/2 inches in diameter, the bearings 4-1/2x8 inches; the beds, two to each truck, are made of oak timbers bolted together, with two 3-4-inch flat bars between, making a solid bed 9x13 inches square. The swing log is made in a similar manner, with heavy flat iron between, making the log 1x11 inches square. The center bolt is two inches in diameter. There are four iron trusses on each end that have each a capacity of holding 24 tons. The car is supported underneath by four heavy bolsters, strongly bolted to the sills with flat iron, 1x5 inches. The center bearing, which rests on the center bolt, is 1x11 inches, and is supported by two heavy iron trusses instead of 1x5-inch flat iron. The truck and journals are all more than double the size and weight of those on a common car. The car is equipped with the Westinghouse air-brake and the common hand wheel brake. The draw-bar is one of Saylor's patent, works automatically, is made of iron, and is 10 inches wide, 10 inches high. The Fitchburg *Scout* says the car is built of the best material, in a most thorough manner, by skilled workmen, and will be able to carry 100,000 pounds. A common car is rated to carry 40,000 pounds.

A New Use for Insects.

The use of insects for sport has hitherto been confined to mere or has successful imitations of their bodies and wings. We do not know that they have and any serious industrial purpose, unless the weaver of the step-didant and the maker of the chess-men be excepted. What work they did in the industry of nature, as of bees carrying pollen and flies infestation matter, Darwinism has sufficiently advertised. But just Washington announces another departure in the Entomological Society, which is not now among the vertebrates though it is to be in insects. We are familiar enough with the idea of cats catching mice, terriers worrying rats, hounds devouring foxes, and being set on foot for their purpose. As yet we have not succeeded in introducing a like service which could chase away the smaller flies, or a pestiferous wood-borer who could detect the sounds of the death rattle. But there is still hope. Ten thousand canaries were removed from Australia and put upon the backs of the California locust insects, which had been confining the orange trees. The latter were wanted to death; the canaries remained and the locusts gradually got to be scarce. This is the Chinese method of exterminating locusts.—*London Telegraph*.

Opposed to Theatre-going Clergyman.

Queen Victoria appears to have a preference against clergymen who go to the theatre. She is said to have struck out the names of clergymen from the lists of her guests invited to see the theatrical representations at Osborne, when upon the London correspondence of the *Liverpool Mercury* remarks: "Her Majesty proves by this exclusion that she is not in touch with the new tone in clerical circles. When Dean Milman went to the theatre some 40 or 50 years ago, he was supposed to have created a shocking scandal. Now most of the clergy go to the theatre and think nothing of it. I was a Bishop in the sixties, it is true, but I have seen an Archbishop. There talked with a dean on the steps of the Lincoln Theatre and he for clerical, why the London curate is as Voltaire said of the prophet, Houbak, capable du tout."

Fixing the Styles of Hats.

The method of fixing the styles in hats is said to be this: The best hat manufacturers in the United States are members of the American Hat Manufacturers' Association, which has its headquarters in New York city. The association meets in New York on the second Tuesday of January and August and adopts the spring or fall style of silk hat. Every silk hat maker present submits a style or design, and, when all are submitted, the association votes for the different designs, which are numbered. The number receiving the highest number of votes is declared the style. Of course, every manufacturer can put out styles of his own if he chooses, but they are not likely to find a sale.

Unrecognized.

A seed came floating near me, A broad-winged poultry thing. It seemed an idle pastime To stay its hasty wing.

But let my neighbor grapple it, And 'neath her watchful care, It grew and gave her freely A wreath of blossoms rare.

And then the plant blossomed, My tears fell freely down. The seed was, O, so paltry, And light as thistle down.

Who are there none to whisper, "The opportunity!" The "Penny and fragrance powder" Would then have been for me. —*Charles A. Smith, in Detroit Free Press*

HUMOROUS.

The peel of a banana has a falling inflection.

It's a very wise father who knows as much as his son.

When will the authorities refuse dignitaries a public license?

A cloud upon a real estate title does not always have a silver lining.

Men are like drams—in one with the big head makes the most noise.

A citizen of Franklin, Pa., is taxed nine cents on real estate and \$5.50 on dogs.

Woman's hand may be pale and delicate, but she can pick up a better plate than a man.

There is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he has not at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.

It requires no tariff prophet to predict that it will be exceedingly difficult to do away with the ticks on carpets.

"Anything new under the sun, today?" "Yes, that's what you're sitting on. I painted that step this morning."

Clouds are a good deal like men—they are harmless when alone, but they make trouble when they get together.

"Broad is the staff of life, you know," said the farmer's wife to the tramp. "I know it is," answered the tramp, slyly; "and I know I've got too lean on it."

Six policemen of St. Joseph, Mo., have been told off their jobs while on duty. "Step is a good thing, but it is costly when it is had at the rate of twenty-five cents a score.

"If it hadn't been for my little Harry Parker would have gotten a good kicking today, but he struck me, you know." "And what did you do, my son?" "I didn't hit him back."

"Don't be too lively over your wife's said to you tonight. You shouldn't mind what she says." "Well, I don't see why I shouldn't mind what she says. I notice you always do."

We like your suggestion best who also believes at ease with it. As for the rest, I'm sure you'll do it. Who never disagrees with us.

The Ocean Passenger Service.

Twenty-two lines of ocean steamers departed at the port of New York last year 25,656 cabin and 315,277 steerage passengers. There are the statistics of the number of persons carried in cabin and steerage from New York to foreign ports, but it is probably no exaggeration to say that the former service is better received upward of \$2,000,000 in passenger fare alone in the year. Not one dollar of this great sum was earned by an American vessel.

Last year 891 trips were made by steamers between New York and foreign ports, of those 103 were made by the North German Lloyd steamers, which carried 16,436 cabin and 65,478 steerage passengers. The German-American post line comes next, with 86 trips, 5,306 cabin and 34,572 steerage passengers. The United States, the Red Star and Inman lines stand next in the list in the number of trips and passengers. There will be no exhibition on the other side this year as there was last, but the steamship agents are nevertheless preparing for a great European travel, and it is not likely that their hopes will be disappointed.

No Danger.

"Oh, but John! Wake up!" "What is the matter, Maria?" "I hear a noise in the kitchen. Go down quick and see what it is. Maybe it's a burglar." "Mrs. Billis, what do you consider the actual cash value of the silver and plated ware and other stealable articles in the kitchen?" "There's \$10 worth at the very least." "And do you suppose, madam, I am going to run the risk of meeting an armed burglar for a pitiful, beggarly \$10, madam?" (Angrily) "Why not, John! Billis! Isn't your life insured for \$5,000?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

An Untimely Interruption.

Minnie—What makes you speak to that poor beggar so sharply? Perhaps she was really deserving of help.

Mamma—Maybe she was, but she interrupted me just as I was having a good cry over the poor girl in my novel dying on the rich man's door-step.